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ONE Gallon  
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The car for Doctors, Salesmen, Merchants, Solicitors, Workmen—Every Man.

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Write us for description, and see our exhibit at the State Fair, September 18th to 23rd.

Cheaper Than a  
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**GEO. E. BENNIE MFG. CO.**

(UNITED STATES BARGAIN HOUSE)

218-320 Second Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn.

Special Equipment, consisting of Mohair Top, Brass Frame Wind Shield, Two Gas Head Lights, and Generator, \$50.00 extra.



## Wedding Invitations

The "Martha Washington" is the card that will be favored by those thoroughly familiar with the trend of fashion. This card is exceptional in its individuality. We will be very glad indeed to send you samples.

**Foster & Parkes Co.**  
SOCIETY ENGRAVERS NASHVILLE, TENN.

## Don't Suffer!

"I had been troubled, a little, for nearly 7 years," writes Mrs. L. Fincher, in a letter from Peavy, Ala., "but I was not taken down, until March, when I went to bed and had to have a doctor. He did all he could for me, but I got no better. I hurt all over, and I could not rest. At last, I tried Cardui, and soon I began to improve. Now I am in very good health, and able to do all my housework."

## TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

You may wonder why Cardui is so successful, after other remedies have failed. The answer is that Cardui is successful, because it is composed of scientific ingredients, that act curatively on the womanly system. It is a medicine for women, and for women only. It builds, strengthens, and restores weak and ailing women, to health and happiness.

If you suffer like Mrs. Fincher did, take Cardui. It will surely do for you, what it did for her. At all druggists.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 60

### Nome, Alaska

Conditions here have changed considerable since navigation opened.

The sun has come out warm and bright and reduced the dignified mountainous drifts of snow to water, except here and there, (where it was unusual deep) little piles of insignificant slushy ice remains to represent the once magnificent and mighty drift. We see steamships in the steadway now instead of snow covered icebergs. The surf breaks cheerfully over the reef along the irregular shore and splatters its foam far out on the land.

Since navigation has opened we have fresh letters from the folks and everybody is happy. Bill Jones gets himself a chair and places it near a window; sits down and puts his feet up in the window sill, opens his letter from the "Queen" and smiles, and snickers and giggles till the letter is read then he does it all over again. Tom Jones he makes the same preparations only his face assumes an expression of grief, then anger, then he gets up walks out doors and down to the beach where he discharges black volumes of blistering adjectives aloft for an hour. His Queen is married.

The estimated production of gold for this camp in the year of 1910 was given at \$11,000,000. Those concerned wrote lengthy letters about it, they got drunk over it and tore up their old clothes and bought new ones and left Alaska's shores in the fall for home in the states in such a tranquil and awful fit of ecstasy Nome never saw before.

The dark and sleeping Nome of last winter is now a scene of lively activity and bustle. The miners have returned to renew their struggle for gold and glory, and they have lived in comfort and luxury all winter and now they are prepared to meet the long and weary hours of toil accepting the primitive life in the lonesome hills with willing hearts.

Long awkward looking barges go up river every day loaded with men and machinery and provisions. A horse sails this boat as he walks along the shore attached to one end of a rope and the aforesaid barge on the other. I doubt if a dozen locomotives could budge the same load if it were set adrift on dry ground.

Now in regard to the Eskimo. It may sound irrelevant, but it is my private opinion, that the Eskimo stands a much better chance getting by St. Peter with their infinite ignorance than they do with enough intellect to distinguish between right and wrong. The Geography gives us a very pretty description of their alleged beauty, and their neat little ice huts, Bah! they are all the same whether they live in an ice hut, moss hut, log hut or any other hut. (Now while I have them down I will club them good.) They have no imagination; no temper; nor moral conception. If an Eskimo sees a cat he just sees it and that is all; he don't wonder how long that cats tail is, how much it weighs, what its probaly thinking about where it came from, who its great grandmother is or anything else; he just sees it and feels no desire to throw a at it nor to caress it.

I took a long walk out into the hills last Sunday. I had originally intended to visit a gold mine and absorb some information, but I found that the distance was to great, so I contented myself by investing an old, worn tumbled down cabin which afforded me greater interest than a dozen gold mines. It was made of logs and built into the ground, it looked like a gentle sloping roof covered with moss supported by two or three aged logs that sagged in the middle and were rotten on the ends.

I went around to the rickety three board door which hung on leather hinges that were about to fetch loose at the joint, it stood wide open and I went right in. The floor was composed of a few boards scattered over the ground with wide cracks in between them, old faded pictures hung about here and there along the wall and toward the end of the room an old rusty stove set on brick legs. A squaw lounged in a chair alongside with her feet in the oven smoking a corn cob pipe, there she sat—her girlish loveliness—her hair streamed down over her shoulders in barbarous disorder, and the calice dress she bore evidence of much service, her eyes were deep sunken. She gave no notice of me only sit there satisfied, self-complacent undisturbed, self-righteous idleness. I watched her smoke awhile, finally fell to counting the puffs—even 10, puff at 20—30—42—Curse you! you were two seconds late that time—then she turned her head and let loose with an explosion of saliva that hit the floor near me and splattered over the boards leaving a mark like a hole in a window glass where a brick has been heaved through. I thought I better not fool with this wretch much longer or I would surely be drowned. I gave the place a parting glance and everything in there was so disguised with dirt that I could recognise nothing but the stove and the squaw.

WILLIAM HERSCHELL ALLISON.

### Kenefick, Okla.

We are having lots of rain here now, nearly too much as it is damaging the cotton crops; the cotton crop is fine so far, but the corn crop was a complete failure. This is a black land soil and produces well when the season suits. Kenefick is a new town on the M. O. G. Railway, a year and a half old has a block for grocery store one dry goods and clothing, one hardware, two lumber yards, one bakery one drugstore, one meat market; all business houses are good substantial bricks. There are two wagon, harness and implement stores and a new church are being built now, and the new \$7,000 schoolhouse stands this morning. We have some concrete sidewalks and more will be built soon.

Lets hear from Mt. Hermon, and Dry Valley we havent had a letter from home in so long it would be quite a surprise to get one. How is Cookeville coming?

And say, Mr. Editor, I forgot to tell you we have one Editor here who prints a nice little paper. Kenefick.

## DAYS OF DIZZINESS

Come to Hundreds of Cookeville People

There are days of dizziness; Spells of headache, laguer, backache; Sometimes rheumatic pains; All tell you plainly the kidneys are sick;

Doan's Kidney Pills are for kidney ills;

Can Cookeville residents doubt this statement?

Mrs. Charles Buhler, 113 N. Cumberland St., Lebanon, Tenn., says: "My back ached a great deal and often I was troubled by nervousness and dizzy headaches. My kidneys were weak and when someone advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a supply. They made me a great deal better and stronger and I therefore, feel justified in recommending them".

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.